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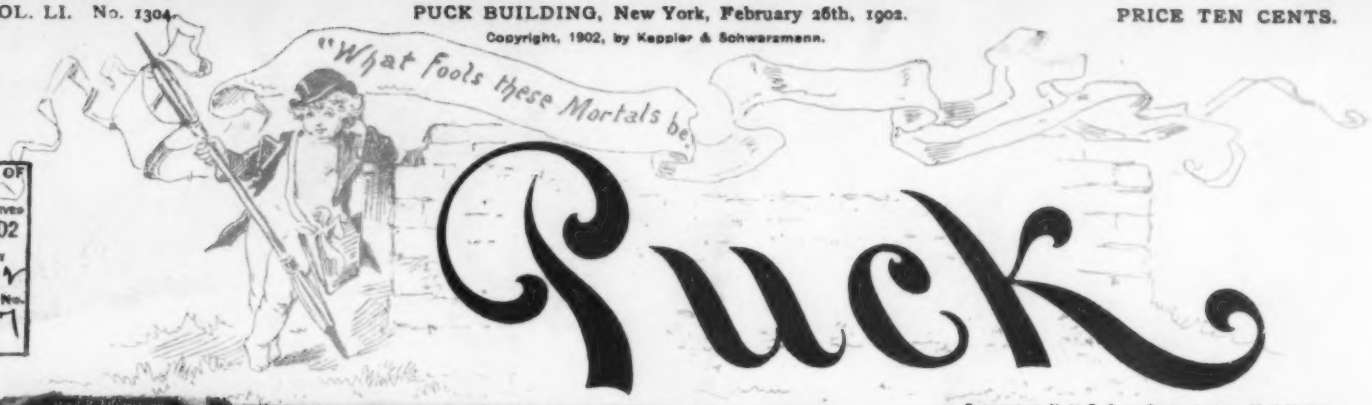

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DURING THE INVESTIGATION.

MRS. NEWRICH.—You say Lord Naryared's family only goes back to Charles II.

THE HERALDIC EXPERT.—Yes; to Charles II.

PAPA NEWRICH.—Great Scott! Judging from what he owes I thought he must go back to William the Conqueror!

THEY EXCHANGE VIEWS.

"Humph! Fine feathers don't make fine birds!"
"But they make other birds look like thirty cents!"

A PEEP AT THE COLLEGIATE FUTURE.

AND IT HAPPENED that in the year 2002 the millionaires of the nation paused for breath. They were utterly worn out. What with donating fortunes to already rich colleges and founding libraries here and there upon the landscape, their systems suffered acutely from the strain of constant charity.

"Come," said the richest magnate of the lot, "let us amble down the highways and inspect the good which our money has done unto all the land."

So they girded up their private cars and went. And, in due course of time, they arrived at the town of Simpkins Centre, where there was a university, staggering under the weight of memorial gates, donated dormitories of marble and endowed chairs of advanced assinology. But, lo! as the magnates left their private cars and looked about them, they could see no one in the vicinity save the janitor and the professor of defunct languages.

"Where are all the students?" they inquired of both at once.

"Students?" repeated the professor of defunct languages, shaking his head sadly: "Ah! They have long since departed! You see, they could n't afford to attend. In the first place, the railroad pool made the rates here so high that travel was impracticable. That was the first step. Then, upon investigation, the faculty discovered two obstacles elsewhere. In all the neighboring towns, which formerly sent students to the college, we found that the moderately well-to-do were having too hard a time meeting the conditions by which they received free libraries to spare any money for college expenses; while, I regret to report, the children of the poor had some foolish notion about having to help support their aging parents."

"Most remarkable!" voted the magnates, in chorus. "What shall we do?"

"Let 's turn our attention to the libraries," suggested the richest magnate of the lot, conceiving a brilliant idea. "I think there are nearly enough of them now to make a book trust profitable. After that, we will corner education and force the people to patronize our charity."

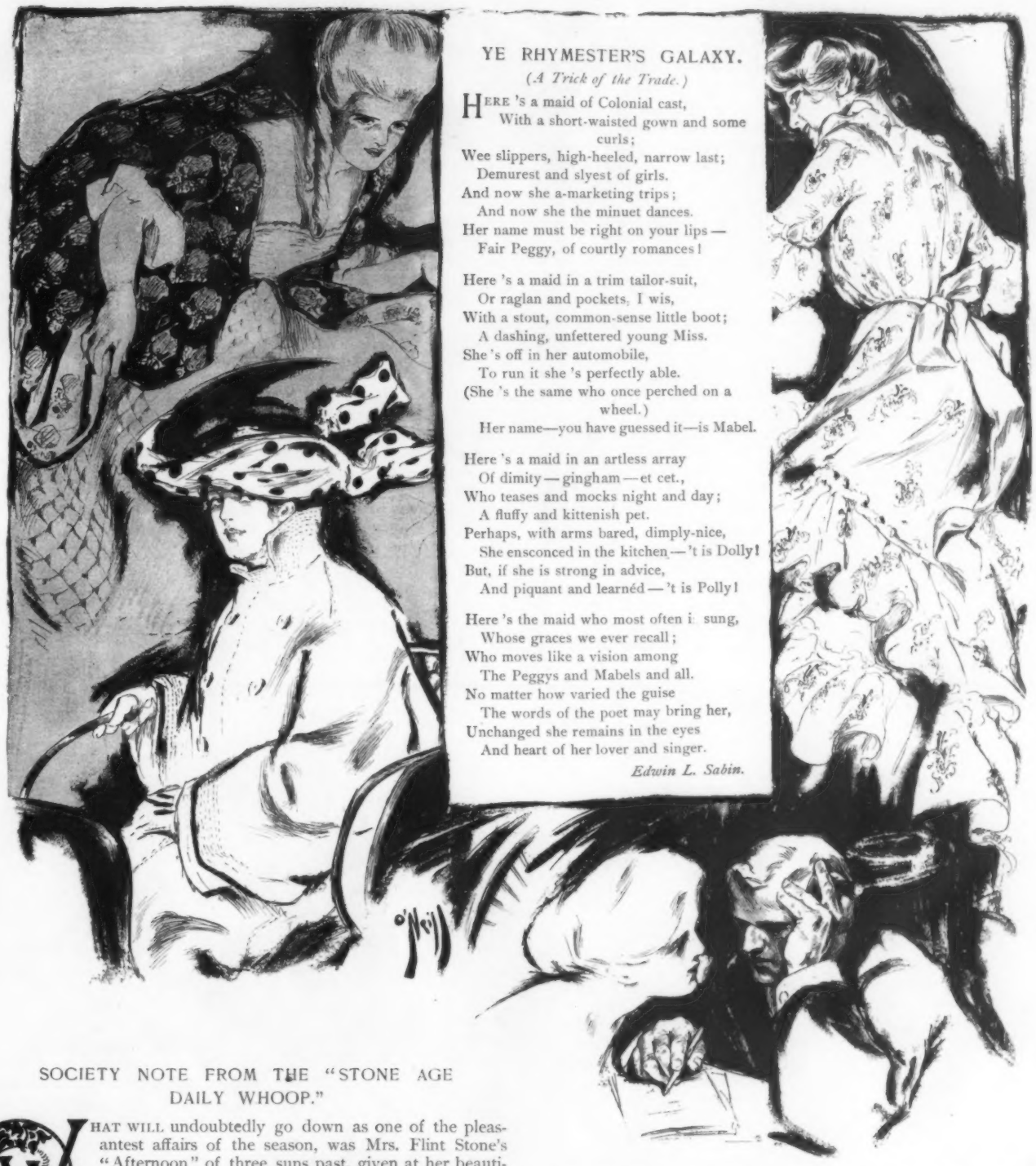
With benevolent smiles the magnates then betook themselves back to their private car, hopeful and enthusiastic.

Harry Hamilton.

WAS BUNCOED.

THE DRUMMER *(from New York)*.—When I first landed in New York I had only one dollar in my pocket.

THE COUNTRY STORE-KEEPER.—Gosh! I wish I 'd 'a' only had that much when I landed there!



YE RHYMESTER'S GALAXY.

(A Trick of the Trade.)

HERE 's a maid of Colonial cast,
With a short-waisted gown and some curls;
Wee slippers, high-heeled, narrow last;
Demurest and slyest of girls.
And now she a-marketing trips;
And now she the minuet dances.
Her name must be right on your lips —
Fair Peggy, of courtly romances!

Here 's a maid in a trim tailor-suit,
Or raglan and pockets, I wis,
With a stout, common-sense little boot;
A dashing, unfettered young Miss.
She 's off in her automobile,
To run it she 's perfectly able.
(She 's the same who once perched on a wheel.)
Her name—you have guessed it—is Mabel.

Here 's a maid in an artless array
Of dimity — gingham — et cet.,
Who teases and mocks night and day;
A fluffy and kittenish pet.
Perhaps, with arms bared, dimply-nice,
She ensconced in the kitchen — 't is Dolly!
But, if she is strong in advice,
And piquant and learnéd — 't is Polly!

Here 's the maid who most often is sung,
Whose graces we ever recall;
Who moves like a vision among
The Peggys and Mabels and all.
No matter how varied the guise
The words of the poet may bring her,
Unchanged she remains in the eyes
And heart of her lover and singer.

Edwin L. Sabin.

SOCIETY NOTE FROM THE "STONE AGE DAILY WHOOP."

WHAT WILL undoubtedly go down as one of the pleasantest affairs of the season, was Mrs. Flint Stone's "Afternoon" of three suns past, given at her beautiful home, Cave No. 13, Dry Creek Canyon.

Those present were Mrs. Rufe Granite, Mrs. White Quartz, Mrs. Whet Stone, Mrs. Micah Schist, Mrs. Rhine Stone, the Misses Cherry Stone and Peach Stone, and others.

Entertainment was furnished in the shape of a very lively set-to between Mrs. White Quartz and Mrs. Whet Stone; Mrs. Stone winning in the ninth round with a masterly overhand swing of her hatchet upon the side of Mrs. Quartz's head.

The remains having been removed to one side, refreshments were served consisting of raw bear and more raw bear. After which all slid for home, everyone getting safely to cover with the exception of Miss Cherry Stone, who was stunned with a club and carried off by one of the up-valley gentlemen, where they will be at home to their friends, after the Spring floods, in Cave No. 16.

As to costumes, the hostess was attired with studied simplicity in a dainty creation of bear skin, cut low in the neck and high in the heels. Mrs. Granite's gown was the same, as also was Mrs. Rhine Stone's and Mrs. Micah Schist's and others.

THE USUAL THING.

LITTLE ZIMRI *(inquiringly)*. — Paw, what does a Congressman do?

FARMER BUCKOVER *(Populistically)*. — Nothin' much but ride on railroad passes and walk on the necks of the fellers that elect him.

It is going to be somewhat difficult, we fancy, to devise wings which will carry a man through the air and not at the same time render him suitable for hat trimming.

SHAKSPERIAN COMMENTARIES.

THE ZEALOUS field-worker in literature, as he goes geologizing about, finds many oblong objects which have the appearance of being books, but which are not books at all, but pseudomorphs. Thus, he may run across the poems of Alfred Austin, or the poems of Egregious Markham, or Arnold's Blight of Asia, or a deep, deep novel by Mrs. Dummy Ward, or a surpassing novel (lengthwise) by Col. Whew Wallace. These do not deceive the field-worker at all, but he gayly splits them open with his hammer or keeps them for his collection as the fancy takes him. Many of the largest of these pseudomorphs are Shaksperian Commentaries, for there is a worthy but unfortunately widely spread tendency among men to illuminate Shakspere and themselves simultaneously. The English write Commentaries without ceasing; the Germans with bended brows come in to help out on the language; the French write Shaksperian Commentaries in which they discourse of their ancient joss Racine, but occasionally pull some paper-cracker epigrams about Shakspere and do him proud.

Some men restrict themselves to a monograph on a single scene of Shakspere's or on a single play, but this is an unusual diffidence and the great number of commentators feel themselves peculiarly fitted to comment on the entire works. In this they resemble the fiddler crab, which supposes that geological processes would be defeated unless he kept conscientiously at it and ran all the sands of the sea through his funny fiddle. I do not in any way impugn the good faith of the commentator or of the crab. Probably the commentator works with a serious purpose. Just what his purpose is, may not be clear either to him or to us, but the idea is that it is serious. Probably in his household during his hours of composition the commentator decrees a solemn silence. Probably if a caller comes in to communicate the news of the war or the latest triumphs of science — probably the commentator honestly believes himself to be interrupted. No doubt he frequently says to himself in a respectful manner: "By January I shall complete the Tragedies; by the Ides of March I shall finish the Comedies; then a month for the Poems, and after that I can take a much-needed rest at my charming cottage in the Appalachian Alleghenies." He talks in this way because already by anticipation he considers himself a prominent literary character. Of course when he smiles at the prattle of the world, he smiles only an external smile; he does not let the vibrations travel inward to the brain lest they destroy its marvelous balance and accord. When he lingeringly leaves his desk and goes out to dinner he carries his priceless head with care. What a solemn thought! That head is to judge Shakspere for all the world. He must not jiggle it.

A finished set of commentaries is a finished pseudomorph. It is really not uningenious. It has a cover, it has fly-leaves, it has a regular title page. The title usually reads: Commentaries on the Poetical Works of William Shakspere with Critical Notes and Appendicitis. And the page then states whom the wondrous work is by. It states that it is By Edward Sawhorse Ingledew, adding in a startling manner, "M. A." or "LL. D.," so that the trifling reader, prepared for nothing greater than Shakspere, is violently shocked and brought up with a round turn. Thereafter there is a Preface in which, as natural as life, the Author regrets that due to haste in preparing the final sheets for the press, there may be certain imperfections, but in which, also as natural as life, he trusts that as a whole the work will be found acceptable. The Author then states that a totally new and philosophic division of the Plays has been made, and in talking about this wondrous stroke he seems to soar away into the ether. He then signs his name and the date; the next page begins with the Commentaries, and, at last, three hundred years after they were written, the works of Shakspere are before the public for good or ill. As the reader can see, the book is fraught with the gravest fraughtfulness, and the gravest part of the fraughtfulness is on the title page, wherein it says: By Edward Sawhorse Ingledew, M. A. LL. D O R. A. T. S.

There are now so many commentaries on Shakspere that if placed on a single shelf they would extend far away into Oklahoma, where they could be used as blanks in the Government's lottery. But, for my part, I believe that for the time in which it was written, and of course considering that it was n't written by a German, the best commentary on the Bard of Avon and his Poetical Works was written by Wm. Shakspere. In this work there is an excellent line of citations effectively introduced; and, above all, there is a most felicitous absence of the works of Edward Sawhorse Ingledew.

HIS EXPERIENCE.

"Did y' ever see a dry Sunday in New York?"

"I saw about fifteen minutes of one. Spent the rest of the day in Hoboken."

Oh! The firefly said
As he rose from bed
In the swamp by the sandy dune:
"Oh! Come out to-night
And I 'll strike my light,
And show you the golden moon."

"HE IS in the springtime of life."

"Should n't wonder. He gives one that tired feeling."

ADVICE.

HE.—We are thirty-two miles from home and this automobile is a wreck. There 's only one thing to be done.

SHE.—And that?

HE.—Why, seek shelter in the nearest parsonage!

COULD N'T BLAME HER.

FIRST COOK.—Oh, yis; it wor a noice place an' all thot, but Oi wud n't hov shtayed there for twinty dollars a wake.

SECOND COOK.—Glory be! An' phwy?

FIRST COOK.—Sure, th' housemaid do be hovin' a roundsman fer a beau, an' divil th' pathrolman kin yez git t' come around th' house.

BUT HEALTH is n't the sort of wealth that causes its possessor's opinions to be sought by the Philadelphia publications.

A MACEDONIAN ANECDOTE.

"And if I should be attacked by overwhelming odds?" asked a cautious lieutenant.

"In that case," replied Alexander, cheerfully, "go right ahead and overwhelm the odds!"

And it may be noted that to him who bears this principle in mind, and applies it invariably in practice, failure is impossible.

TO INCREASE HIS HEIGHT.

PERCY.—They say a person is nearly half an inch taller after a good night's sleep.

DOLLY.—Really? Then why don't you consult a hypnotist?

PERCY *(in surprise)*.—What for?

DOLLY.—Why, he might be able to put you asleep for a couple of weeks or so.

IN THE DIME MUSEUM.

AGRICULTURALISTIC VISITOR.—Look here, Purfessor! I don't see nothin' peculiar about that feller. Why do you call him "the human paradox, or the genealogical puzzle?"

LECTURER.—Because, my friend, his father was a bearded lady and his mother a female-impersonator. Now, say it yourself, what is he?

A POSSIBLE CONCLUSION.

"Here is a man who has investigated the effect of intoxicating liquors on native races."

"And what does he find? That it gives them a jag?"

A REMEDY.

"I thought Sportington had an automobile."

"He has, but it ran away three times last month and his doctor recommended horseback riding to quiet his nerves."

The manners of some rich persons are such as to suggest that they were born with silver knives in their mouths.

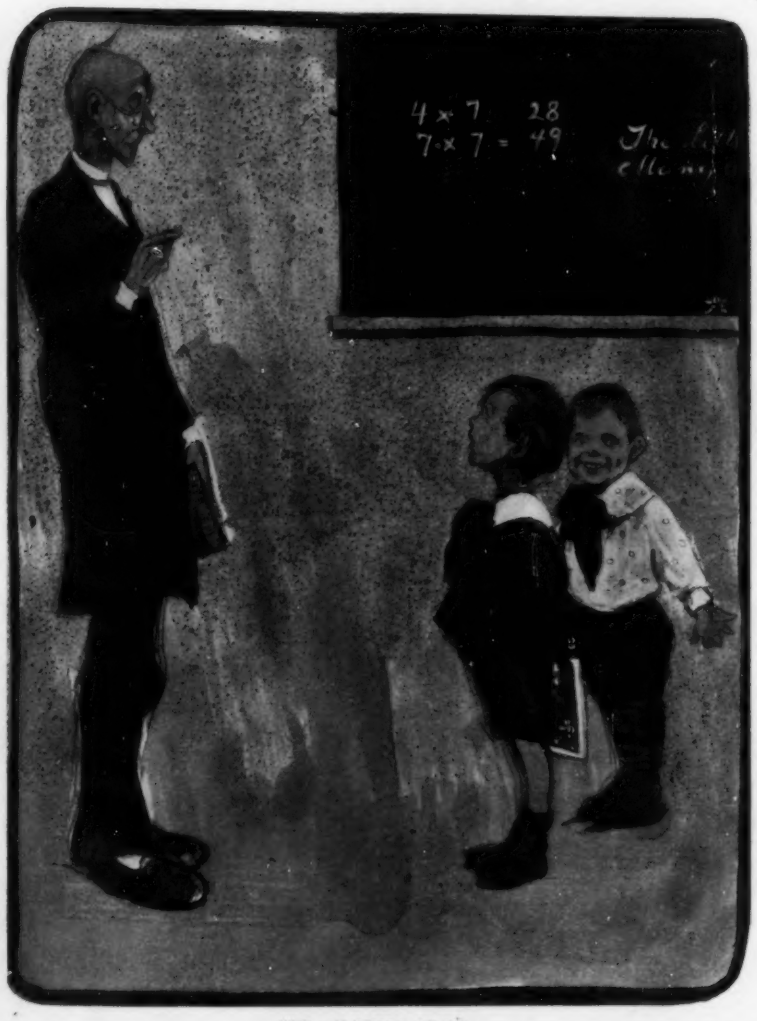
FORESTALLED.

I'D WRITE an epic poem, for I feel 't would not be hard
To pattern after Byron, or some early English bard,
And string a hundred cantos right along without a break,
With "lack-a-days" and "prithees" just for good old-fashion's sake;
An interesting hero I could certainly create,
And introduce some ladyes gowned in purple robes of state;
But I find there 's little chance for me an epic to indite
When I 'm kept so busy reading what the other fellows write.

I 'd try my hand at novels, since a "hit" would well insure
My name would ne'er be written in the list of "worthy poor;"
I 'd pluck from out our history some character forgot,
And if he needed polish I could give it, like as not.
Historic facts and figures it were easy to pervert,
And if someone's reputation 's bettered by it, where 's the hurt?
Captain Kidd I 'd clothe with honor, I would prove that black was white,
Could I steal the time from reading what the other fellows write.

One would think that such a reader as I 've shown myself to be
Might write the criticisms, in an easy style and free,
On the Sunday paper's pages, never given up to news,
Where a decorated headpiece bears the caption: "Book Reviews."
Indeed, I think I 'm suited for a book-reviewer's post,
The place could fill with credit, — and I have no wish to boast; —
But even there I 'm circumscribed, for here 's my hopeless plight:
I 'm kept too busy reading what the other critics write!

Roy Farrell Greene.



NO COMPLAINT.

THE TEACHER.—Without mastering multiplication we could not go any further in arithmetic.

ONE OF THE PUPILS.—Gee! Would n't that be a cinch!

HIS VIEWS.

"But I 'm sorry to see you have so many saloons in the West."

"Well, I dunno, Ma'am! From what I hear, the drug stores give you a mighty poor grade of liquor."

A RURAL PASTIME.

"We have a form of amusement, here in the village, that I don't s'pose prevails to any great extent in the city," said the Old Codger, a trifle acridly. "Every Monday mornin' the good housewives of the hamlet race desperately to see which will first finish the week's washin', and their enthusiastic husbands set on the fence and root for 'em like it was a ball game."

THE WAY.

"Oh! Can we not be mated?" he cried.
"Why, yes," she answered deft;
"We 'll fix it this way: I 'll be right,
And you, sir, will be — left."

FATES.

Of the three Fates, Clotho, who spun the thread of life, was for making woman to be worth her weight in gold.

But Atropos, the dread, was otherwise minded.

"Why," exclaimed Atropos, "if we make her worth her weight in gold, she probably won't do a blessed thing to reduce her flesh, and she 'll just naturally get to be a sight!"

Lachesis, the fearsome third, sided with Atropos, and although Clotho resorted to about all the dilatory tactics then known to parliamentary law, she was finally defeated.

A BOLO.

GILHOOLEY.—An' phwat is one av thim Filipino bolos, anyway?

FOLEY.—Whoy, the bolo is a shillaly made out av a knife.

A PHASE OF CONTRARINESS.

"What has made you such a determined optimist?"

"Well, to be honest about it, I began it because I boarded where the folks were all pessimists."

UPON THE other hand, if there were no such thing as a cold in the head, perhaps every man you met would have a remedy for Trusts, or something like that.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

LINCOLN AND THE SENTIMENTALISTS.

THE PHILIPPINE puzzle continues to thwart some of our brightest minds in and out of Congress. It is, of course, slowly solving itself in its own way, as such puzzles have always done since the world became old enough to have a history. The process is slow, but eventually there will be in the Philippines that form of government which allows the fullest possible civic and industrial growth to their people. No one knowing the history of the United States can doubt that the Filipinos will be as free as the people of Massachusetts the moment they are capable of using without abusing that freedom. That this condition will ensue in ten years is improbable. The process may require twenty-five or even fifty years; but all the circumstances promise that the puzzle will never be worked out on any other lines. During the years that may be required for its solution, however, we may expect to have with us at least one political party, and a small band of sentimentalists recruited from all parties, who will demand an instant solution along lines that are wholly impracticable. Thus, the Democratic party is now advocating toward the islands a policy of "scuttle." To suppose it could ever carry the country on this issue is to forget certain unchanging ways of human nature. The circumstance merely emphasizes the fact that the Democratic party has a tendency, especially marked since it was led astray by boy-oratory in 1896, to fall on the wrong side of every public question. As to the sentimentalists, they are more unreasonable and far less effective than the Democrats, who argue chiefly from expediency. The occasion of Lincoln's birthday, for example, inspired them to quote his saying that "no man is good enough to govern another without that other's consent." It is a beautiful saying, but Lincoln's life and genius were devoted to proving exactly the opposite. Had he believed what he said in the literal way these sentimentalists now insist he did, there would have been no civil war and this nation would not now be one and undivided. But, because he really believed that the power vested in him made him good enough to govern the Southern states without their consent, the Union was preserved. That territory which we have acquired by treaty, or even by conquest, should enjoy consideration superior to that we accorded our Southern states in 1861 will not be maintained save by a few academics like Senator Hoar. If these are, by any chance, able to square Lincoln's saying with his bloody war, fought to govern a great many million civilized white people without their consent, they are missing a splendid opportunity to instruct the whole world in the ethics of government.

A DRAMATIC DISASTER.

THOSE GOOD people of the South who are getting out injunctions and things against "Uncle Tom's Cabin" are incurring what seems at first glance to be needless trouble. Their best and swiftest remedy, it would appear, is to stay away from the show in large numbers. Even in Northern communities, where there is no prejudice against this native classic, the financial returns are seldom overwhelming, while heartrending disasters, involving irregular nutrition and long periods of arduous pedestrianism are not infrequently met with by its human and four-footed purveyors. A section, therefore, in which this general apathy is aggravated by an intense sentiment against the play need not, we should say, be long offended by its presentation. A company might, now and then, give one or two performances upon energy stored under happier circumstances in the less captious North; but loyal Southerners have only to stay away from these and the offending histrions will presently be compelled to seek Northern circuits again. While on this subject, we will confess to having hoped that the appearance of Mr. John Lawrence Sullivan in the notable rôle of *Simon Legree* would render this drama tolerable even to Southern audiences. We had even hoped that the last vestige of Mason and Dixon's line might be melted off the earth by the warm human sympathy which he brings to the part. It is quite true that, as an actor, Mr. Sullivan is said by idealists to leave something to be desired. He has never, we believe, quite won the approval of so fastidious a critic as Mr. William Winter. But it can not be said of him, as it is of so many of our leading theatrical gentlemen, that he does not know what to do with his hands; and we firmly believe that if the North and South are ever to blend their sympathies with *Uncle Tom* and the sure-footed *Eliza*, laugh together at *Topsy*, rejoice in unison at the foiling of the odious *Marks* and clasp warm hands over the deathbed of *Little Eva*, Mr. Sullivan is the man to bring about the *rapprochement*. It is with profound regret, therefore, that we learn of the disbanding of his company. The disaster is ascribed to a certain temperamental disability of Mr. Sullivan—a disability which we could not be induced to specify more pointedly. We still retain, however, a hope that careful nursing will restore him, and that he may yet perform this important service for the nation. In the meantime we bid the South be patient; and, to Mr. Sullivan, we wish every success for the literary work in which he is, for the moment, engaged—a volume of nature-studies whose title, we learn from private sources, is to be "Wild Animals I Have Seen That Were Not There."

Puck's 25th Anniversary.

PUCK will celebrate his 25TH ANNIVERSARY two weeks hence, by issuing a SILVER SOUVENIR NUMBER. It will contain 36 pages, with a handsome illuminated cover by NANKIVELL. In addition to the matter to be found in other PUCKS it will include special features, such as a bit of PUCK'S history, with pictures of his old and new homes; also PORTRAITS of many of his ARTISTS, WRITERS, STAFF-MEMBERS, ETC. It will be the regular issue of PUCK No. 1306, and will be sent to subscribers as other issues are. Those who are not regular subscribers can procure it from their news-dealers; price ten cents; or from

THE PUBLISHERS OF PUCK, NEW YORK.

HER LONG WAIT.

THE MANAGER.—What 's the trouble here?

THE ACTOR.—She says she won't go on till she receives every cent you owe her.

THE MANAGER *(heartlessly)*.—But, perhaps there won't be an old woman required in the play I 'll have then.

J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

"WIRELESS TELEGRA

S TELEGRAPHY."

CLIME-MATES.

We met in sultry Summer time,
Yet she seemed maid of ice
to me.
No virtue had that tropic clime
To melt her fair frigidity.
I read her Shelley in the shade,
We boated by the moon's bright
beam,
And she was snow in bowered glade
And ice upon a Summer stream.

We skied by light of Winter's moon,
We skated o'er a crystal bay,
And she was like a dream of June
And warm as any Summer day.
For thus we met in frigid zone,
And, lo! while Summer's pulse
declined,
The mercury within her own
Had risen Love's degree to find!

Charles Gordon Rogers.

SHEER IGNORANCE.

PATSY.— She says talk is cheap.
CHIMMY.— How little she knows uv de price uv a opery box!

VINDICATORY.

Amid unparalleled enthusiasm, by a rising vote, with the Chautauqua salute, the Woman's Republican Club then adopted these resolutions:

"Whereas, It has been charged that Protection is the mother of trusts; and,

"Whereas, This is not only a reflection on our beloved party, but also a fling at our sex; and,

"Whereas, We are women as well as Republicans; therefore, be it

"Resolved, That Protection is no mere mother."

THE HANDY MERIT SYSTEM.

FIRST VENEZUELAN. — Ha! Ha! That 's a good one on the politicians!

SECOND VENEZUELAN. — What 's happened now?

FIRST VENEZUELAN. — Why, the President has issued an order bringing revolutions into the classified service!

It is stated on reliable authority that King Edward would be very much pleased to see General De Wet at the coronation.

The apparel oft proclaims the man; and then, again, on the other hand, an honest, true heart sometimes beats beneath a plug hat and above tan shoes simultaneously.

THE PATIENCE OF ANGELS.

SENATOR'S DAUGHTER.— I 've prayed and prayed, Papa, but things only seem to grow worse and worse with me!

SENATOR COPPERAS.— Have patience, my child; — just look at the chaplains of the House and Senate!

HEADING HER OFF.

"It is Cuba I am about to refer to, Miss Lingerlong," said the visitor, gravely, when the time came for changing the subject.

"But, — tee-hee! — Mr. Grimshaw," returned the maiden, who had witnessed the passage of a goodly number of Summers and a correspondingly long array of Autumns, "why do you so pointedly call my attention to the fact?"

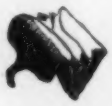
"Because," he answered, firmly, "I am going to ask you if you favor annexation!"

A Protectionist may be defined as a person who believes in outlets for trade but no inlets.

It is rumored that Spain, also, will deny that she entertained any hostile designs toward the United States during the Spanish-American war.

Some people think sinecures should be abolished, while some moderate reformers think it would be well enough to transfer them to — well, to certain moderate reformers.

The average man's complaint about the long green is that it does n't remain long.



A HORRIBLE POSSIBILITY.

IT WAS "a gala night" at the vaudeville house. Prince Henry, surrounded by a brilliant staff of attendants, reception committee of 100, and so forth, occupied all the orchestra seats which the ticket speculators had not secured in advance.

Suddenly two strange creatures leaped before the footlights, each wearing a check suit of startling pattern, a flat derby hat and a paint-brush beard.

"Who are these?" asked the royal visitor in surprise.

"Wait and listen, Sire," said the reception committee of 100, in expectant chorus.

"I am astonishment," remarked one of the strange creatures; "such a jackassity as you are!"

"Don't you imagination dot I am a Dutchman for pecause I 'm a fool," protested the other, wielding a slap stick threateningly.

"Who are these?" asked the Prince again.

"They are German comedians, Sire," replied the committee of 100.

The Prince and his attendants silently arose and left the theatre in a body.

LATER.

WASHINGTON, April 1, 1902.—The breach between the United States and Germany is becoming more serious daily. All diplomatic relations have been severed. A strong German fleet is massing at Kiel, under the command of Admiral Prince Henry.

Harry Hamilton.

RECOGNITION.

FIRST FLY.—Have you seen this new Natural History?
SECOND FLY.—No. Anything about us in it?
FIRST FLY.—Yes. A whole page devoted to us—the *fly-leaf!*

WHEN WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY IS PERFECTED.

THE NEWSBOY *(on ocean liner, in mid-ocean).*—Extry! Extry! Here 's yer latest extry uv de *Ocean Greyhound!* Four P. M.! Man killed on Broadway at half-past t'ree! Results uv de second innin's uv de Noo York-Boston game an' de fo'rt' race at Sheepshead! Pierpont Morgan 's caught a cold! Steel stocks drop seventy p'ints! De Boers trap dere t'ousand British regiment! Tammany Hall sold be de sheriff! Step lively, good peoples, as de edition is limited!

WE AMERICANS perhaps fail to understand how hard it is for an intelligent, self-respecting nation to confess itself in the wrong, when this is precisely what Mr. W. T. Stead maintains.

WE GUESSED IT.

VISITOR *(in insane asylum).*—Who is that poor fellow who is continually slapping himself all over and going through his own pockets?

GUARD.—I want to tell you about him. We once had to put him in a padded cell, and in less than ten minutes he had every bit of padding off the walls.

VISITOR.—But who is he?

GUARD.—A former New York customs inspector.

USUAL METHOD.

"There 's the deuce to pay, O Son of the Blazing Orb! if I may use such an expression in your august presence!" exclaimed the Grand Vizier, as he salaamed to the Sultan of Turkey.

"Oh! We 'll only promise to pay," added the Sultan, with extreme nonchalance.

AMONG THE MAGAZINES.

When *Bunsey's Magazine* appeared with a cover design in seventy nine colors, the editor of the *Acropolitan* tore his hair.

"Our cover design is in a scant seventy-five colors!" he cried. "There is accordingly nothing left for us but to claim to have the largest number of intelligent, thoughtful readers!"

THE COLOMBIAN "WAR."

FIRST COLOMBIAN REBEL *(complacently).*—Well, we 've got a navy of a war-canoe and two naphtha launches, anyway!

SECOND COLOMBIAN REBEL.—Yes! We are all right unless the Colombian Government should happen to get some naphtha launch destroyers!

IF IT took as long to get the canals on Mars started as it takes Congress to pour out its thoughts about Nicaragua and Panama, Mars is no Spring rooster.

"STRONGEST IN THE WORLD"

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

OF THE UNITED STATES.

Outstanding Assurance, Dec. 31st, 1901	$1,179,276,725.00
New Assurance Issued in 1901	245,912,087.00
Income in 1901	64,374,605.94
Assets December 31, 1901	331,039,720.34
Assurance Fund and all other Liabilities	259,910,678.28
Surplus	71,129,042.06
Paid Policyholders in 1901	27,714,621.42

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THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.

SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, 5th Ave., cor. 22d St. Only Salesroom in Greater New York.

DON'T cast your bread on the waters when you might just as well hand it to some hungry one.—*Ram's Horn.*

Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO., Baltimore, Md.

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SAFETY-RAZOR

700,000 in Use.

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Made with Safety Shoulders which prevent blade from passing beyond safety point. Shaves close as may be desired. No smarting after shaving. Booklet upon request.

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Sold at all good stores or mailed by Mfrs. on receipt of price.

Firm of A. L. SILBERSTEIN, 459 & 461 Broadway, N. Y.

HIS WAY OF LOOKING AT IT.

"Why don't you work for a living?"

"You want to know why I don't work fur a livin'?" asked Meandering Mike.

"Yes."

"Dat 's funny. I never t'ought about it dat way. I 've always wondered why anybody does."—*Washington Star.*

WHY HE WEPT.

MAN.—Why are you crying, my boy?

BOY.—Oh, sir! I 've jest had de measles and had ter stay out uv school fer a month!

MAN.—Never mind! You can't have them again!

BOY.—Hully Gee! Dat 's w'y I 'm cryin'!

The Best Stimulant

When worn out or run down is found in

Hunter Baltimore Rye

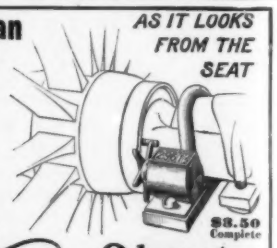
The Finest Type of the Purest Whiskey.

It is particularly recommended to women because of its age and excellence.

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers. WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

You Can Know Just How Far You Go If You Have a **Veeder Odometer** For Horse Drawn Carriages and Automobiles

AS IT LOOKS FROM THE SEAT



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Six-Day Tour via Pennsylvan'a Railroad.

The third of the present series of personally-conducted tours to Old Point Comfort, Richmond, and Washington via the Pennsylvania Railroad will leave New York and Philadelphia on Saturday, March 8.

Tickets, including transportation, meals *en route* in both directions, transfers of passengers and baggage, hotel accommodations at Old Point Comfort, Richmond, and Washington, and carriage ride about Richmond—in fact, every necessary expense for a period of six days—will be sold at rate of $34.00 from New York, Brooklyn, and Newark; $32.50 from Trenton; $31.00 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other stations.

OLD POINT COMFORT ONLY.

Tickets to Old Point Comfort only, including luncheon on going trip, one and three-fourths days' board at The Hygeia or Chamberlin Hotel, and good to return direct by regular trains within six days, will be sold in connection with this tour at rate of $15.00 from New York; $13.50 from Trenton; $12.50 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other points.

For itineraries and full information apply to ticket agents; Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York; 4 Court Street, Brooklyn; 789 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.; or Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

THE Emperor of China is said to look less intellectual than he did before the siege of Pekin. If this be true, there is no limit to a man's appearances being against him.—*Washington Post.*

You look better, feel better, *are* better when your run down system is invigorated with Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. At druggists.

With a steady increase in its production for the past 40 years, *Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne* now takes the lead.

PITY THE THIEF.

"Ha! Ha!" laughed the Suburban Idiot; "I had my watch stolen to-day."

"I should n't consider that a laughing matter," said his neighbor.

"Ah! But the thing runs slow, and just think how mad the thief will be when he misses his train by it!"—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

IT doubtless often occurs to the man who pays the bills that he should hear less crying for cake, and more gratitude for bread and butter.—*Atchison Globe.*

"SOME MEN," said Uncle Eben, "has to be excused foh findin' fault. Dey ain' got inergy 'nuf to do sumpin' deirse'fs, an' de only way dey kin show dey knows whut 's goin' on is to kick."—*Washington Star.*

Keeley Cure

Alcohol, Opium, Drug Using.

The disease yields easily to the Double Chloride of Gold Treatment as administered at these KEELEY INSTITUTES. Communications confidential. Write for particulars.

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Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.

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SHORT SIXES.
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MADE IN FRANCE.
MORE SHORT SIXES.
THE SUBURBAN SAGE.

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Address PUCK, New York.

"IS N'T that expression, 'A cat can look at a king,' foolish, Pop?"

"Why, no, my son! Why is it foolish?"

"'Cause all cats can't."

"Why, yes they can, my boy."

"Oh, no, Pop; a blind cat can't."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

FOR EXAMPLE.

"Stiff breeze, is n't it?"

"Yes. It 's apt to blow a man's temper inside out and it won't blow it back again!"

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP

YANKEE SHAVING SOAP

A household word for nearly three-quarters of a century. The kind your father and grandfather used.

For greater convenience this famous soap is now offered in **round** tablets, as well as in the old style square tablet. It's the same old friend, with a new face.

For its remarkable rich, copious lather, its effect in softening wiry beards, and making shaving easy, Yankee shaving has never been surpassed.

Each tablet is wrapped in silver-foil and bears our signature.

Sold All Over the World.

By mail, 15c., if your dealer does not supply you.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A.

LONDON PARIS DRESDEN SYDNEY

DEEP RESPECT.

"You must always have the greatest respect for your parents," said the benevolent stranger.

"I have;" answered the boy with freckles. "Why, either one of them can whip me with one hand."—*Washington Star.*

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT

Is not recommended for everything; but if you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble it will be found just the remedy you need. Sold by druggists everywhere in fifty cent and dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle of this great kidney remedy sent free by mail, also a pamphlet telling all about Swamp-Root and its great cures. Address, Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and say that you read this in PUCK.

Clear the cobwebs from your brain by using Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. Get the genuine at grocers or druggists.

Rae's Lucca Olive Oil

appreciated by connoisseurs for its

Delicate Flavor

(No rank smell nor taste, so frequent in some brands of Olive Oil)

Guaranteed Pure Oil of Olives only

S. RAE & CO. Estab. 1836

LEGHORN, ITALY

LO AND THE WHITE MAN.

"Is your hair cut?"

"It is," answered the Indian.

"Have you washed all the paint off your face, and instead anointed yourself with bay rum?"

"I have."

"Have you cultivated habits of thrift and saved up some money?"

"I have."

"Sure you 've saved up money?"

"Yes."

"Well, come on. You are ready for the next step in civilization. I will now teach you how to play poker."—*Washington Star.*

AN old railroad traveler says he has observed that the louder the gong is beaten at a dining station, the less there is to eat.—*Atchison Globe.*

OUR worst flatterers are in the mirror.—*Ram's Horn.*

The Perfect Decoration

of modern homes is economically done by using PITTSBURG WALL PAPERS.—Have your decorator show you the Forest frieze, or send for booklet. PITTSBURG WALL PAPER CO., New Brighton, Pa.

A PROUD EXHIBIT.

Forty-two years is a short space of time in which to accumulate a fund up in the hundreds of millions. Yet that is the record of the Equitable, which publishes to-day its 42d Annual Statement for the year 1901 The Gross Assets accumulated by the Society now amount to $331,039,720. The Surplus held for the benefit of its policyholders is now $71,129,042—a large increase over the amount at the beginning of the year. The Society relies on this large sum of Surplus to protect the business against any disaster, and prides itself on the fact that it has long been the "Strongest in the World." The character of its Assets is of the best, as can be seen from examination of the exhibit of different items in the statement. The income amounts to $64,374,606; annual amount of dividends to policyholders has increased to $3,742,520, and the amount of new business written was $245,912,087. The Society closes its year with Assurance in Force of $1,179,276,725 and prospects of increases in the future.

Shine on!

It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish lasts, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 280 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Bar Keeper's Friend

PLEADS IGNORANCE.

JUDGE.—How did you come to get drunk?

DEFENDANT.—Faith, yer Honor, Oi 'm not to blame. Oi did n't know what Oi was doin'.

JUDGE.—You did n't? How was that?

DEFENDANT.—Well, ye see, sor, Oi was under th' influence av liquor whin Oi shtarted.—*Beverages.*

WHY A GLAD HAND.

"I can't understand this fuss being made over the coming of Prince Henry."

"Can't understand it? Why, man, he 's the first representative of European royalty that 's come over in thirty years who has n't had to borrow money to pay his passage, and who 's not come to offer himself to the highest-bidding heiress! He 's a genuine curiosity, sure enough."—*Cincinnati Observer.*

Sustained by the U. S. Circuit Court.

That it is a happy idea, and not an expert knowledge of mechanics, that underlies many of our modern conveniences, is shown by the history and success of the rubber-button clasp that has made the name "Velvet Grip" a household word to all wearers of hose supporters. Mr. Gorton, the inventor, was not a mechanic. He had children, and noticed that his wife had to darn their stockings as frequently at the knee as the heels on account of the tearing by the metal clasps. This led to the invention, the patent on which has just been sustained by the U. S. Circuit Court, in a suit brought by the George Frost Company, the manufacturers, against infringers.

OPIUM and **Liquor Habit Cured** without inconvenience or detention from business. Write **THE DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. I. I. Lebanon, Ohio.**

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EXTRA QUALITY
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NEW BRANCH STORE,

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WINDSOR ARCADE.

What was the cost per game?—when 6,175 games were played with one 25-cent pack of

Bicycle Playing Cards

Letter from player who did this, and a colored reproduction of the cards he used, FREE, on request. Bicycle cards always wear well.

Gold Medal, Buffalo, 1901.
Grand Prix, Paris, 1900.
Highest Award, Chicago, 1893.

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—MADE AT KEY WEST—

These Cigars are manufactured under the most favorable climatic conditions and from the mildest blends of Havana tobacco. If we had to pay the imported cigar tax our brands would cost double the money. Send for booklet and particulars.

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32, 34 and 36 Bleecker Street. } NEW YORK.
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All kinds of Paper made to order.

An Indignant Protest.

"Politics is getting in a bad way," said Senator Sorghum, indignantly; "a mighty bad way! If this thing goes on, there 's no telling what will become of the country."

"Do you mean to say you are coming forward as a reformer?"

"That 's exactly what I mean to say. It 's getting so that a man will take money from both sides and then vote as he pleases. There ought to be a law to prevent a man taking money from more than one candidate in the same election."—*Washington Star.*

Honors Easy.

"This dollar," began the cashier of the restaurant, as he scrutinized the coin.

"Is bad, eh?" interrupted the sour-looking patron.

"Well, it does n't look very good."

"That so? Just bite it, and if it 's anything like the dinner I had it 'll taste even worse than it looks.—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

Bronson.—I succeeded in keeping my last cook three weeks.

Lonely Lane.—Gracious! How did you manage it?

Bronson.—The first day I engaged her I allowed her three weeks' vacation.—*Norristown Herald.*

St. Louis Man.—The World's Fair at St. Louis, it is promised, will cover one thousand two hundred acres.

Buffalo Man.—I hope it will cover more than that.

St. Louis Man.—More than one thousand two hundred acres!

Buffalo Man.—Yes; I hope it will cover expenses.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

A THEORY.

"Goodness! The dog must be crazy!"
"May be he thinks you are!"

GOLD MEDAL AT PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION. Dr. Siegert's Imported Angostura Bitters. The only Genuine. Avoid domestic substitutes.

A Horrible Possibility.

First Saloon-keeper.—I see that prominent educators are heading a movement to change textbooks on physiology in the public schools because the ones now in use misrepresent the truth, to show what a terrible thing liquor is.

Second Saloon-keeper.—Great Guns! That will drive us out of business!

First Saloon-keeper.—How 's that?

Second Saloon-keeper.—Don't you see that when the young learn that liquor is n't as bad as they think it, they won't want any of it?—*Baltimore News.*

How He Stood.

"How do you stand on that question which has just been agitating the public mind?"

"About twenty thousand dollars to the good," answered Senator Sorghum, promptly.—*Washington Star.*

Choice or Pick.

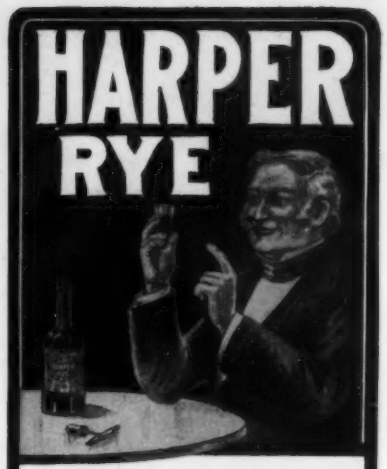
"'Eard a deuced funny joke to-day," said the Englishman. "A laborer says to the foreman: 'Will I need to take my shovel or my pick for that job?'"

"And what did the foreman say?"

"'E said: 'Well, you may take your choice.'"—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

If a widower buys a new tie, and it is of a bright color, his daughters begin to grow suspicious.—*Atchison Globe.*

The Frenchman who claims to have invented a method of seeing by wire will probably be kind enough to explain just what a person will see when the wires become crossed.—*Washington Post.*



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"Standard of Highest Merit"

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"The embodiment of tone and art."

33 UNION SQUARE—WEST,

Between 16th and 17th Streets, New York.

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Hardens the gums—cleanses, preserves and beautifies the teeth—sweetens the breath. No powder or liquid to spill—most convenient package to carry or use. At all Druggists 25c.

C. H. STRONG & CO., Chicago, U. S. A.

"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine."
—*Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.*

MARTELL'S THREE STAR BRANDY

AT ALL BARS and RESTAURANTS.

KEISER BARATHEA

Note label.

The Biggest Trick

in the game of dressing well is a correct Cravat—and that's Keiser-Barathea.

YOUR SWEETHEART KNOWS
HOW MUCH BETTER
GUNTHER'S CANDIES
are than ordinary confections. They are made on this principle: "NOT HOW CHEAP BUT HOW GOOD." If your dealer don't have them we will supply you express prepaid at following prices:

1 lb. box finest selected	$ .50	3 lb. box finest selected	$2.25
2 " " "	1.50	5 " " "	3.50

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Maryland Club

Pure Rye Whiskey

It tastes old because it is old

CAHN, BELT & CO.,
Baltimore, Md.

Ask for
MARYLAND CLUB
And see that you get it.

IT 's a funny world, but you can't always laugh at it.—*Atchison Globe.*

"The Jewel in the Crown of Southern California."

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One of the most beautiful of all the California cities, and the city that showed the greatest percentage of growth in the census of 1900, is the "City of Angels," called Los Angeles.

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"Four-Track Series," No. 5, "America's Winter Resorts," sent free on receipt of a two-cent stamp, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

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Promote that contentment which is the aim of all mankind.

Hotels, Cafés, Chop and Oyster Houses, Restaurants and Saloons.

C. H. EVANS & SONS (Est. 1786), HUDSON, N. Y.

LET a man advise honesty, and all the thieves will say: "The old hypocrite!"—*Atchison Globe.*

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The best stomach regulator. None better in mixed drinks.

HEAVEN is the only place where there are no hypocrites.—*Ram's Horn.*

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David and John Anderson's

Ginghams and Cheviots.

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IN THE SAME BOAT.

MOTHER-IN-LAW.—Help! Help! Help! This chair will be the death of me at last!

SON-IN-LAW *(in the rear, to himself).*—And the electric chair will be the death of me, if I can't make the jury believe it was an accident!

Flexo Garter

Gives you the sort of garter-comfort you have never found in any other make.

Retail Price 25c. per Pair.

Drop a postal for **Our new booklet,**

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Ask your dealer or send 25c. stamps for sample pair.

A. STEIN & COMPANY
236 Market Street, Chicago

THE man who makes a night of it should not fail to eat a welsh rabbit. It is such a fine thing to blame everything on the next morning.—*Washington Post.*

AFTER A NIGHT OUT.

NORMAL NERVE TABLETS are a positive antidote for the inevitable collapse resulting from over-indulgence in Intoxicants, too close application to Business, or any Mental or Physical strain. Cure Headache, allay Nausea, steady the Nerves, restore Brain Power, and quickly dispel all unpleasant effects caused by dissipation or excesses. Don't suffer, when you can carry relief in your vest pocket. Price 50c. per box. By mail.

Address, NORMAL DRUG CO., BOX 344, SOUTH BEND, Ind.

TEACHER.—James, you may tell where the Declaration of Independence was signed.

JAMES.—Please, Ma'am, at the bottom.—*Indianapolis News.*

The Twenty-fifth Anniversary Number of Puck

will be issued March 12, 1902.

It will be the regular issue of PUCK for that date enlarged to 36 Pages, with a handsome cover in silver and colors and will contain half-tone portraits of PUCK'S staff of Artists, Editors, and Contributors, with pictures of PUCK'S old and new homes and many other illustrations of interest to PUCK'S friends throughout the country. Price TEN CENTS.

Advertising space should be secured AT ONCE. Forms close February 28th. For rates, etc.,

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I.

II.

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How Willy Soph Reformed His Bibulous Roommate.

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